THE OVERLAND MAIL.

In the name of the Empress of India, make way, O lords of the jungle, wherever you roam, The woods are astir at the close of the day— We exiles are waiting for a letter from home. Let the robber retrest—let the tiger turn tail— In the name of the empress, the Overland Mail!

With a jingle of bells as the dusk gathers in, He turns to the footpath that heads up the The bags on his back and a cloth round his chin,
And, tucked in his waist belt, the postoffice
"Dispatched on this date, as received by the

Per runner, two bags of the Overland Mail."

Is the torrent in spate? He must ford it or swim,
Has rain wrecked the road? He must climb
by the cliff.
Does the tempest cry "Halt?" What are tempests to him?
The service admits not a "but" or an "if."
While the breath's in his mouth, he must bear
without fail,
In the name of the empress, the Overland Mail.

From aloe to rose-oak, from rose-oak to fir, From level to upland, from upland to crest, From rice field to rock ridge, from rock ridge to

Fly the soit sandaled feet, strains the brawny From rail to ravine—to the peak from the vale— Up, up through the night goes the Overland Mail.

There's a speck on the hillside, a dot on the road A jingle of bells on the footpath below. There is a sculle above in the monkey's abode— The world is awake and the cloud's are aglow. For the great sun himself must attend to the "In the name of the empress, the Overland

-Rudyard Kipling.

Lord John's Bargain.

My brother-in-law, Lord John St. Pierre, regarded with no little complacency his own possessions and achivements. He was proud in the first place of the fact that he was a St. Pierre, and at the same time considered himself a competent representative of the talents and graces of the ancient and illustrious house of Stoneyhurst. In the next place he was very proud of his reputation as one of the best shots of driven game in the United Kingdom, and of his consequent entree into many country houses where only brilliant shots were welcomed. He was also proud, very proud, of his own perfect manners, and plumed himself, not without cause, on his insinuating address. It was on his reputation, however, as a successful collector of china that he principally piqued himself, and the trifling sums which he had paid for various articles of vertu which ornamented his rooms at the Albany formed his favorite theme of conversation. Indeed if all he said was true, and if all the china was really genuine, he fully deserved all the congratulations which he claimed.

Nor did he fail to see how valuable were the three first mentioned qualifications in their reference to this latter pursuit. Many a cottager who would have refused to sell his precious little heirloom to the traveling dealer was only to proud to part with them, at perhaps a low price, to a Lord John—a Lord John, too, who spoke so prettily and made himself so agreeable. It was grand to think that some little figure or cup and saucer which had stood unnoticed in the cupboard should take its place, as the seller fondly imagined would be the case, among the priceless gems of Stoneyhurst abbey.

John's presence, too, at so many sporting places gave him opportunities for admission into the interiors of cottagers' and keepers' houses which might not otherwise have been obtained. It is not given to every one to be a district visitor. Nor did he fail to see how valuable were

otherwise have been obtained. It is not given to every one to be a district visitor, tax collector or school attendance officer, and without such or similar professions it is not easy to gain an introduction uninvited to the homes of the poor. Lord John, between had special privingers and he however, had special privileges, and he lost no opportunities of availing himself of the facilities offered by shooting luncheons in farm houses or keepers' lodges on the different properties over which he shot.

A few winters ago my brother-in-law came to shoot at my home, Pen Owen court, in Monmoutshire. Knowing as I did how unfavorable the bags even on my best days compared with the slaughtar to which John was accustomed, I had had some hesitation in inviting him into such

an out of the way part of the world.

He had heard, however, of the wonderful stand at Eastfield coppiee, said to be perhaps the most difficult sporting in England, and was anxious to try his hand at our "rocket rs." I had no possible objection, and he was invited for three days." ection, and he was invited for three days A sad and mysterious calamity, how

ever, in connection with the death of on of the beaters happened the first day, and the unhappy incident prevented us from carrying out the week's programme.

Guests who have no resources to occup them when sport fails are naturally diffi-cult to entertain, and consequently I was not altogether sorry when my visitors, with the exception of Lord John, decided upon taking their departure the morning which succeeded the catastrophe. He, however, remained, and in the course of the afternoon announced his

course of the atternoon announced his intention of going up to the keeper's house, where he had lunched the previous day, and of course I offered to walk there with him. Rather to my surprise he seemed to have no particular desire for my society, and I began to wonder if his projected visit had any connection, with the mysterious affair to which I have always a situded. At any craft I does the mysterious affair to which I have already alluded. At any rate I determined to accompany him, and on the way I was made a confidant of his lordship's intentions, On the previous day he had noticed two china figures on the keeper's chimney piece, and though with a connoisseur's natural suspicion, he had at the time done southing to attract general attention to natural suspicion, he had at the time done nothing to attract general attention to them, he now confessed that he had every reason to believe that they were old Dres-den. He imagined them to be of great value and had determined to pick them up as cheaply as he could. I have never quite been able to make up my mind about the been able to make up my mind about the morality of such a proceeding, but I thor-oughly disliked the idea of any one "pick-ing" up a valuable article "cheap" from one of my own retainers, and, as it were, under my own sanction. However, I determined to bide my time and see what happened.

John annoyed me very much at the first opening of negotiations. He began by asking Mrs. Rawlins, whose husband was not at home, questions about the family of the dead beater, with expressions of the most profound sympathy for his orphaned daughter. Of course there was no harm in these inquiries; indeed they were quite attend. But the questioner's manner was natural. But the questioner's manner was so affected and his expressions of regret and sympathy so exaggerated that I could scarcely believe their sincerity, and

sure that he was thinking more of the Dresden figures than of poor Nelly. The next proceeding consisted of a glance round the room in affected admira-

of various ornaments Some taw-

tion of various ornanted. Some which it was decorated. Some missinaped stuffed birds, some tawnscripts even some hideous dry prints, even some hideous compositions of shells and moss came in by turns for their share of admiration, And then at last, with a look at the two

and then at last, with a look at the two figures on the mantelpiece—
"Oh. by the bye, Mrs. Rawlins," (John always manages to get his victims' names correctly), "what are those china groups? Have you had them long?"
"That china, my lord, was a present from my grandmother and I set great store by it."

(I essit follow my method in law? col.

(I easily follow my mother-in-law's cal-culation. "Mrs. Rawlin's grandmother. The things must be 100 years old at

least!")
"Have you any fancy to part with
them?" he continued. "I don't suppose
they are worth much, but I should like a
little remembrance of Monmouthshire
and of our pleasant lunch here yesterday."
"Oh, my lord, if it wasn't for Rawlins I
should be cleat to give them to your lord.

"Oh, my lord, if it wasn't for Rawlins I should be glad to give them to your lord-ship, or (with a glance at me) any gentleman staying at the court."

(I wonder what his lordship would have said if I had not been present.)

"Oh, no Mrs. Rawlins, I can't think of taking them for nothing."

"Well, my lord, I doubt if my grand-mother, if she'd ha' been alive, would have liked the idea of my selling my presents."

ents,"
Lord John's countenance fell.
"Certainly," added Mrs. Rawlins, "she
wasn't too proud to sell her own. Why,
she got 10 guineas for two figures not half

wasn't too proud to sell her own. Why, she got 10 guineas for two figures not half so gay as these from a traveling peddler; one was just a black woman with a head on like an elephant, and the other a woman, too, but she and her children were feeding a swan."

(Lord John's face expressed: "I was right; they are old Dresden! The woman with an elephant's head! The group which represents Africa! The woman and children feeding a swan! Lena and attendant Cupids! And these are two of the companion groups. Worth 15 guineas each any day at Christie's.")

"Then in that case," he went on, "I shall be glad to give you £5 for the pair."

"Well, my lord, I should not like to take your lordship's money without asking the peddler—and he is in the village again—if they are real genuine. He got, I heard, 20 guineas for what he took from grandmother. She was housekeeper, sir (to me) as you have heard tell, at the Duke of Beifort's." (I had heard this circumstance mentioned once or twice before and was acquainted with the reputation of the Belfort collection of, china.)

Lord John turned quite pale.

"Oh, my good woman," he cried, "I'll

Lord John turned quite pale.
"Oh, my good woman," he cried, "I'll give you £10 and take my chance," and he immediately handed Mrs. Rawlins the money, which he had ready for such an emergency, and which she promptly pocketed.

emergency, and which she promptly pocketed.
"Shall I dust them first, my lord?" she said, producing as she did so a heavy, damp towel.
"For heaven's sake, woman, no. (Now the bargain was struck there was no need of further civility.) "I'll take them with me just as they are. George, you won't mind carrying one, will you?"

I did mind carrying one very much. I disliked the whole transaction. John had certainly paid a considerable sum of money, but even with my imperfect acquaintance with such matters I knew that

quaintance with such matters I knew that quaintance with such matters! knew that if these groups were genuine they were worth fully 30 guineas the pair. I had my suspicious, however, about them, and on our way home I asked my companion how he could feel so absolutely certain about their genuineness. "There is no Dresden mark," I said.

"Oh, isn't there?" was the reply. "Don't

"Oh, isn't there?" was the reply. "Don't you see there is a smear of cement on the bottom of them? That was probably put there at the time there was a heavy tax on Dresden china and proves their antiquity. I will show you the crossed swords underneath to-night."

I held my tongue.
Our house party, as I have said, had broken up, but several of the neighbors were coming to dine, and Lord John deferred the removal of the cement till after

ferred the removal of the cement till after dinner, when we should be all together in the drawing room, and he would have an audience sufficiently large and appreci-

The proper moment arrived; a pen-The proper moment arrived was produced, and the plaster carefully and ceremoniously scraped off. But instead of the crossed swords appeared

A PRESENT FROM NEWFORT, 1883.

The year previous to the bargain!
When new these groups might have been worth 18 pence each. In their present condition they would have been dear at a shilling a pair.
I confess that I felt little sympathy with

the purchaser, but I was distressed to think that Mrs. Rawlins, whose charac-ter for honesty had been irreproachable, should have seemed to vouch for the an-

should have seemed to vouch for the antiquity of the china, and also to have hidden the tell-tale inscription.

Her answer was simple. The ornaments had been given her as a birthday present by her grandmother, who had died only a few weeks before the bargain at the ripe age of 98, and the cement had been added with the object of making them stand steadily on the manual price. them stand steadily on the mantle piece.
But there was a twinkle in Mrs. Rawlin's eye when she offered me this explanation, and even now I hardly know how
far innocent was her share in Lord John's

Did the Doctor Earn His Fee?

From the Green Bag. Defendant-Now, docthor, by vartue of your oath, didn't I say: "Kill or cure, coethor, I'll give you a guinea?" and didn't you say: "Kill or cure, I'll take

Doctor-You did; and I agreed to the bargain, and I want the guinea accord-

ingly.

Defendant—Now, docthor, by variue of your oath, answer this: Did you cure my Doctor-No; she's dead. You know

that.

Defendant—Then, docthor, by vartue of your oath, answer this: Did you kill my wife? No; she died of her iliness. Dector—No; she died of her lliness.
Defendant (triumphantly to the bench)
—Your worship, hear this. You heard
him tell our bargain; it was to kill or
cure. By vartue of his oath, he done
neither, and he axes his fee!

The Market Was Manipulated.

From the Boston Courier. Visitor-Your little boy doesn't seem to be very cheerful. Isn't he well? Broker-Yes, he's well enough; but he

is feeling pretty blue just now. You see there was a great drop in leather this morning.
Visitor—Bless me! You don't mean to tell me that child knows anything about

Broker-Well, perhaps not generally speaking, but you see the particlar leather that dropped this morning was his mother's slipper.

HOME OF THE MAGICIAN

Keller and Herrmann Compared With the "Yogas" of India.

BROUGHT BACK TO LIFE

Incredible Accounts of Tricks Performed in the Open Air by In-dian Juggiers-The Dis-memberment Illusion.

T IS claimed that the magical feats of the Indian jugglers have never been equaled by Western manipulators who furnish such entertainment, and that is more perplexing is the fact that a native Indian juggler never leaves his country. All claimants to the title of "Indian juggler" are more or less imita-tors, and do not even give a fair imitation. Kellar, the great American magi-cian, declares candidly that he cannot repeat the wonderful magical feats and jugglery he witnessed in India. Hermann, however, is not so willing to admit the superiority of their skill. This, as is quite natural on the part of Prof. Hermann, may be due to professional pride. He has admitted that the only feature which entitles them to comparison with European or American feats of magic lies in the fact that all their magical performances are given openly in the streets and with little preparation or paraphernaha. The modern magician performs upon a stage away from his audience, while in India they travel

in small bands through the streets and will perform then and there if requested. Kellar wit-nessed the great "basket trick" during his nessed the great basket trick during his travels in India, and acknowledged that he, like everyone else, failed to observe the true modus operandi. The following is alleged to be one of the Indian juggler's feats: A hall of ordinary cord, which is feats: A ball of ordinary cord, which is often furnished by the spectators, is held out for the inspection of all present by the chief of the band.

o'tt for the inspection of an present by
the chief of the band.

The end of the string is held in one
hand and the ball is thrown upward into
the air. The ball rapidly unwinds itself,
going up, up, until it is out of sight. Then
another of the band places a boy on the
cord and he climbs up quickly. The boy
is seen climbiag upward until he, too, is
out of sight. Then the entire band execute their characteristic incantations and
passes, which in a few moments suddenly
cease. Everything becomes quiet and all
pattently await results. Suddenly the entire band give evidence of some dreadful
occurrence and in a moment a horrible

tire band give evidence of some dreadful occurrence and in a moment a horrible scene greets the vision; the head of the boy comes rolling down the cord dripping with blood; then follows an arm, a leg, and the feet, singly, until the remaining portions follow, the whole dismembered parts lying in a heap. It is then picked up by pieces, placed in a basket around which the jugglers form a circle. Incantations and weird passes are again made; when the chief advances to the center and removes the cover of the basket. To everybody's surprise out leaps the boy, hale, hearty and as nature designed him. This does not even end the performhale, hearty and as nature designed him. This does not even end the performance for by request—if your astonishment should be so great as to deprive you of your faculty to recall and think over the phenomenon—the chief takes the same basket in which the boy is again requested to stand, and by motions silently requests the onlookers to observe. At a command the boy folds himself until nothing but the top of his head is observable. Then the chief, forcing his head still further down, fastens the wicker cover on and proceeds to pick his choice of several sharp and gittering swords near by. In a moment proceeds to do something with the basket and its contents. The spectators are about to surmise another such mystical act, when the chief draws his sword act, when the chief draws his sword
across the top of his basket, then at his
arm's length he plunges his implement
deep into the basket whereupon follow
piteous cries and moans; blood spouts
and issues from the basket forming a
pool on the soil.

The spectator 'thrill with fear while
the chestic aspect of the witnesses he-

The spectator 'thrill with fear while the glastly aspect of the witnesses bespeaks their disgust and sickly feeling. The chief continues his thrusts, the blood dripping from his sword after each plunge, until finally all is quiet.

The moans and cries from the basket cease and the spectators, dumbfounded evince a sigh of relief.

A hundred thoughts pass through the spectator's brain. The basket will be opened and another bloody spectacle will be seen, the horror of the thought producing faint.

ducing faint.

The chief now bends low to show his bloody work to all and at the same time slowly removes what cover there be left, when miracously there bounces upon seene a happy frolicksome boy, who few minutes ago had apparently under-gone such terrible punishment. Whence he came was impossible to

tell.

So much speculation has been indulged

So much speculation has been indulged in by our native prestidigtateurs as to the correct versions of these manifestations that one writer, who spent years in inves-

tigating Eastern magic says:
"We defy and challenge our modern
magicians or tricksters to produce under
the same conditions the 'tricks' exhibited the same conditions the tricks' exhibited even by a common Indian juggler. For instance, the spot to be chosen by the investigators at the moment of the performance, and the juggler to know nothing of the choice, the experiment to be in broad daylight, without any confederate but a boy absolutely naked, and the juggler to be in a condition of semi-inquity. After be in a condition of semi-nudity. After that we should select three 'tricks,' the most common among such public jug-glers. The first, to transform a rupee-firmly clasped in the hand of a skeptic into a living cobra, the bite of which would prove fatal. The second, to cause a seed chosen at random by the spectators and planted in the cast semblance of a flowerpot, to grow mature and bear fruit in less than a quarter of an hour. The third, to stretch himself on three swords, stuck perpendicularly in the ground at their hilts, the sharp points upward; after that, to have removed first one of the swords, then the other, and after the interval of a few seconds the last one. the juggler remaining, finally, lying on nothing—on the air, miraculously suspended at about one yard from the

The burial trick of the Indian fakirs i generally known to numerous traveler and residents of India. An English offi cer stationed in India gives the following account of the burial trick that he wit-nessed with other reputable English officers, and what happened he asserts to be gospel truth. The fakirs of India often entered into many discussions with the themselves. They often found it neces-

sary to defend themselves from abuse and condemnation from the wrath or rid-

and condemnation from the wrath or ridicule of sceptics.

Captain Maryatt had often heard of their wonders, but never believed them, so one morning he received a visit from a neighboring "yoga" and began his usual conversation. He could speak of nothing with the "yoga" except on deeply religious and philosophical subjects, and the first one he concluded to put to him was that the "yoga" should give him a proof of his holy and abnormal power, and it was agreed upon that he should see a test.

see a test.

Captain Maryatt was allowed the privilege of providing and planning all means
for the protection of fraud. The "yoga"
left with the understanding that he must
have the time to prepare himself and obtain the spiritual aid of his "yoga"
brothers, while Captain Maryatt could
proceed with his part of the work in order
to have the requisite conditions to the
feat completed.

Then it was announced by Capt, Mary-

Then it was announced by Capt. Maryatt that a test would be made of the great "burial trick," and so informed his colleagues that their service and scrutiny would be necessary in order to find out the real substance of what they termed

the "illusion."

It was proposed by the officers that the "yoga" should be interred in the vicinity of the English encampment, whereupon they immediately dug a grave some 4x8 feet and to a depth of 6 feet, the work being done by the officers themselves and under the immediate inspection of the officers.

the officers.

At night a special guard was placed upon duty to watch over it. This sort of work was repeated until the time for the appearance of the yogas had arrived.

When the officer was perfectly satisfied that there was no interference from outsiders he dispatched to the "yogas" that he was ready. Every officer feit perfectly satisfied that his dolgent watch and the fact of the trick being done before them all privately would foil the "yoga's" anticipation of success.

At last the yogas arrived, accompanied

At last the yogas arrived, accompanied by the one who was to be buried alive— the one who suggested that he demontraining to the officer. Then and there they entered upon the test. The band of yogas indulged in what appeared to be a painful meditation, when the youngest "yoga,"—the subject—was taken in hand by two of the eldest and annointed with some peculiar preparation, wax was some peculiar preparation, wax was placed in the drum of both ears and also the nostriis to prevent respiration. Then he was laid upon the ground very gently. now to all appearances in a bypnotic

state.

Ali this time the officers mingled in and kept a close watch. The officer now had the "yoga" lowered into the grave, which was near by, and by agreement the little band of natives were allowed to offer up a prayer before the final preparations.

After that each officer, with a spade in his uand, shoveled heaps of soil upon the body, until the scene closed satisfactorily to all concerned.

body, until the scene closed satisfactorily to all concerned.

The rest of the "yogas" promised to return in two weeks to effect the ressurrection, and so left the officer their pitched tents and made permanent quarters on the scene of the interment determining not to allow a second of the time until the notation, three or more of his fellow officers or subordinates being on the lookout.

The two weeks at last came to an end, with the setting sun of the last day the band made its appearance. Without any loss of time three of the English soldiers cauof time three of the English soldiers cau-tiously dug up the grave. In a very short while they substituted their hands for their spades when a foot—the "Yogas"— became visible. Without losing a minute the suff body of the Yoga was lifted out and placed gently on a rough and ready bed of some soft material. The features were exactly the same as when first in-terred, the ointmeat having been effect-ive against the elements. The wax was then taken out of the ears and nostrials, and then followed a vigorous rubbing.

All of the spectators looked grave ome apparently troubled. were enacting some more of their peculiar incantations and weird mutterings when one of the party of "Yogas" vanced and breathed into the dead Y mouth and nostrils and patted his heart quite forcibly, while every Englishman held his heart. Each gazed at the other in blank astonishment when they saw the "Yoga" whom they had buried and watched over for a fortnight open his eyes and walk a few yards upon the arms of his assistants.

of his assistants.

Then he spoke a few unintelligible words to the officer and, pointing upward said, in words the interpretation which would be: "The mysteries are no would be: "The mysteries are no greater than the smaller things of the world. Buddha is great and no greater than thou couldst be."

The band of Yogis returned then and

an exchange of opinions was indulged in by all of the officers. Some had heard of the marvels of Buddha, and now that they could not admit of even a probability of their being duped, a general se-riousness prevaded the minds of the en-

Order of Their Going. From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat

What is the order of precedence in the

The order of precedence, as given by

the best authorities, heads the list of notables with the sovereign. Next comes the Prince of Wales, after him the sons, the grandsons, the brothers, the uncles, and the nephews of the sovereign, in the order named. Then follow the archbishop of Canterbury, the lord high chancellor, the archbishop of York, the archbishop of Armagh, the archbishop of Dublin, the lord high treasurer, the president of the privy council, the lord privy seal, the lord great chamberlain, the lord high constable, the earl marshal, the lord high admiral, and the lords stewards and chamberlains of the royal household. If these officials are noblemen, they rank above all of their class. After them are dukes and the eldest sons of royal dukes, marquises and dukes' eldest sons not of the blood royal, earls and younger sons of royal dukes, a marquis' eldest son and the younger son of a duke not of the royal blood. After him come viscounts, earls' eldest sons, a marquis' younger sons, the Bishops of London, Durham and Winchester, and all other English bishops, according to seniority of consecration, followed by the bishops of consecration, followed by the bishops of Meath, kildare and all other Irish bishops. The secretaries of state, if noblemen, come next, and are followed by barons, the speaker of the commons, commis ner of the great seal, and a vast num-of household officers, judges, elder and younger sons too numerous to mention. After these follow the commanders of the various orders of the Thistle, the Bath, the Knights of St. Patrick, the Knights of St. Michael and St. George and their sons, elder and younger, and the list is closed by esquires, officers in the army and navy, elergymen, barristers,

LEGENDS OF THE WREN.

Its Trick on an E gie Wins It Popularity Among the Irish. In Ireland the wren is called the king of birds. One old legend among the

Irish, that dates as far back as the days of the Druids, is thus stated by the Boston Once upon a time the eagle, always

proud of his strength and valor, called all the birds together for a trial of flight, with this understanding, that he who soared the highest would forever command the distinctive title of "king of

The eagle, with common consent, had been invested with the honor from time immemorial and he had no idea of giving it up; but the better to impress his superiority on all inferior birds he called together the whole feathered tribe for this grand flying tournament.

At the appointed time the birds came, There were thrushes, linnets, magnies, crows, blackbirds, bluebirds, hawks, doves, robins, sparrows, nightingales, larks, game birds from the forest, seabirds from the coast and last of all, but noisy as any of them, came the turkeys, geese, ducks and hens from the barn-

The eagle surveyed them all with his piercing eyes. At some of them he cast a contemptuous glance, but when he saw the skylark he looked a little uneasy. This was the only bird he really feared, for the skylark can fly very high. But his fears did not last long, for just then he saw something to make him laugh. It was the little wren hopping along saucily with his jaunty little tail perked up with the utmost assurance. One would think he surely expected to win the prize.

The eagle began to poke fun at him, and all the other birds joined in, so that the poor little wren was glad to escape out of sight.

When the signal was given for the birds to start he was nowhere to be seen, and The eagle surveyed them all with his

When the signal was given for the birds to start he was nowhere to be seen, and if any one thought of him at at all it was if any one thought of him at at all it was probably to conclude that he had realized the folly of trying to compete with those so much stronger than humself, and had wisely gone home to his nest in the hedge. At a given signal away flew the birds. Up, up, up! The wild goose did very well, so did the hawk, and the skylark kept close under the eagle's big wings; but one by one they had to give up, all but the proud old eagle. He kept on soaring until he reached a point from which he could not raise himself another inch.

Then he looked down proudly at all the representatives of the feathered tribe below him, and suddenly up above him flew a little dark speck. It was a bird, and the horrified eagle looked up to see the despised little wren hovering above him.

All the other birds saw him too, and

the despised little wren hovering above him.

All the other birds saw him too, and they set up a great shout. Then down flew the crestfallen eagle.

As the birds touched the ground they looked for the wren, and they saw him hop off the eagle's back. He had been nestling among the feathers, and the big eagle did not feel his weight.

So it was that when the eagle and the other birds had used up all their strength he was able to reach a point higher than all of them.

According to the letter of the law the

all of them.

According to the letter of the law the wren was adjudged "king of birds," but, as one may suppose, the eagle was very angry. He set to work and cursed the wren and laid a spell on him so that he should never again be able to fly over anything, and to this day an Irish wren cannot even fly over a hedge; he must find an opening in it somewhere before he can pass from one field or garden to another.

The druids treated the wren with great distinction, but when christianity was in-troduced into the country the first christroduced line the constant is the sistence of the considered their admiration a great offense, and since then the poor little king has sometimes had a hard time

Another incident to bring the wren into ill-repute with the Irish is the story that onces when the Danes had invaded Ireland a party of them while asieep were about to be surrounded by the natives when several wrens awoke them by peck-ing on their drums. The same story is told of wrens awaking a detachment of protestants during one of the religious wars of Ireland. wars of Ireland.

wars of Ireland.

Either affair would be enough to make
the Irish hate the poor little wren, and
they set apart St. Stephen's Day—that is
the day following Christmas—to persecute

him.

On that day the idle men and boys go a wren hunting. They take sticks or clubs and run like mad from hedge to hedge until they succeed in killing one. They then form a procession and carry about the poor little body, hung by one seg in the center of two hoops crossing each other at right angles, the whole arrangement decorated with bits of colored ribbon. They march from door to door, and in front of each the funny one of the party, called the "droileen," sings:

The wren, the wren,

The king of all birds, St. Stephen's Day He was caught in the firs; And a though he is little, His family's great, So arise, good lady, And give us a treat,

And give us a treat.

They usually receive a hearty welcome and the treat—rhyming with great—besides a few pence dropped into an old stocking which the drolleen holds out as he sings. These receipts are spent in a joilification for the evening, and the funnier the drolleen is, the more apt he is at repartee, the heavier the stocking will be at the close of the day.

Wouldn't Cross a Bridge, Senator Hearst, who owns Tourna-

ment, was not present to see his great colt win the bg Realization stakes, although he started from the Windsor hotel, where he was staying, to do so. He got in a cab intending to drive to the Thirty-fourth street ferry. Through pidity on the part of the cabby and forgetfulness on the part of "Uncle George," the cab rattled down-town and was at the Brooklyn bridge before the mistake was noticed. The senator could have crossed the bridge and gone by way of the Long Island road, but he smiled sadly and ordered the cabby to drive him back. Less than a week afterward he admitted to a party of senators who asked him why he had not been present and who knew he was not ill, as had been given out, that superstition was at the bottom of it. "It would be bad enough to cross the bridge," he said, "but you don't eatch me erossing a bridge in a rainstorm to go to any horse race. Oh, no! There's just enough of the miner left in me to make me shade a superstitious. You may laugh, but I felt that if I had gone down that day I would have hoodooed my colt and he wouldn't have won."

ceiling would not be apt to consider the situation sublime.

FIXING UP THE BOOKS

Interest Already Aroused About the Brooklyn and Suburban.

TENNY IS THE FAVORITE

Tournament Is a Second Choice, With a Question if He Should Not be First-Other Horses In the Races.

N just about one week the winter books on both the Brooklyn and Suburban will be ready and the odds published. says a New York special to the San Francisco Examiner. Among the owners who will go about looking for odds on their horses are Philip and Michael Dwyer, who have a fancy for Prince Royal, Eon, Raceland and Potomac; Billy Lakeland, who thinks Tea Tray, Good-Enough-for Betsey, Pittsburg and Philadelphia, who will put something on Buddhist's chances; Colonel Pulsifer, who never let Tenny run unbacked; Hough Bros. and Green Morris, whose faith in Judge Morrow is

Tournament will doubtless carry a coniderable portion of the public money. There were many bookmakers at the Hoffman to-night, and they talked over the chances of the better known animals. The majority favored Tenny. Tourna-ment also had a host of admirers, and

one of them said:
"If I make any advance book I'll look
out for Tea Tray, Judge Morrow and
Riley."

out for Tea Tray, Judge Morrow and Riley."

One of the bookmakers, a Tenny man, said, when asked about the probable odus to be laid:

"I have seen a rough book figured, but it is not opened. Tenny was favorite Tournament second choice, Raceland, Prince Royal, Eon, Demuth and Burlington following, with some real good ones put down at 50 and 100 to 1. For my part 1 think Tenny should be about 5 to 1 to start with, for he seems to outclass anything in the race, and the weight, 128 pounds, won't stop him."

Several bookmakers agreed that the advance betting on the Brooklyn handicap would greatly exceed anything before known. When asked for a rough estimate of the entire sum that would be wagered all over the country, one of them said:
"I may be out of the way, but I should."

wagered all over the country, one of them said:

"I may be out of the way, but I should say at least \$500,000, the advance being alone in this city \$150,000. Then on the day of the race \$500,000, and possibly \$200,000 more, will be wagered at the track while those who follow races in Louisville, St. Louis, Chicago, Philadelphia and Albany, and, in fact, throughout the country, will risk more than enough to make up the balance."

"What will Castaway II. be quoted at in the advance books?" was asked.

"Fill lay 30 to 1 against him now," said the bookmaker. Thus, Castaway II. is still despised, even though he won the Brooklyn handicap of last year in a gallop. But he did not have a Tenny, Tournament, Raceland, Prince Royal, Tea Tray, Banquet, Demuth, Judge Morrow, Burlington, Riley or Kingston to beat.

A Town Lot Free. From the New York Sun.

I had heard about the man in Kansas who was giving away town lots free, and one day I left the train at a small station and hired a man to drive me over to the and hired a man to drive the over to the site of the future great city. I found a sixty-acre farm staked out into lots of 29 feet front by 50 deep, but only one house and one person was in sight. The house was a farm cabin, and the person was the owner of it and the one I wanted to see.

"Come for a lot?" he asked as we drove up.
"Yes, in case my information is correct.
Do you give them away free?"
"I do."

"Go right out and select any one you like. Those selected are marked with red stakes; those not yet taken by black

I took a walk around and made a selec-

"You want an abstract of title, of course. Here it is, and the feund the number and said:
"You want an abstract of title, of course. Here it is, and the fee is \$3."
When I had received it be hunted out a deed already signed, and filled my name in, called in the teamster and wife for witnesses, and said: witnesses, and said:
"Here is your deed. I'll have to charge

I paid the sum named, and he then got down a big book and said:
"You want it recorded, of course. I am
the county cierk. The fee for recording I had it duly recorded, and just then dinner was ready. He invited me to sit down, but when we were through, he

down, but when we were through, he said:

"My charge for dinner is 75 cents. The taxes on your lot will be due next week, and you had better leave the money. The amount is \$1.75, and my commission for receipting will be 25 cents."

I paid him the sum named, and was about to get into the wagon when he said:

"The charge for bringing you over and taking you back is \$2. Hair belongs to me, as I own the wagon. One dollar, please."

"Can you think of anything further," I asked as I handed him the dollar.

"Well, you'll have to stop at the junction about four hours before the Eastern train comes along. I own the restaurant there. Please eat all you can."

"I have." I said after a little figuring, "paid you \$13.75 for a lot you advertise to give away free. How much do you call this land worth an acre?"

"All of \$6, sir. I've been offered \$5 and

this land worth an acre?"
"All of \$6, sir. I've been offered \$5 and wouldn't take it."
"Then I've paid you more than the value of two acres to get a lot large enough to bury a couple of cows on!"
"Exactly, sir—exactly, and I congratulate you on your bargain."
"Then you don't call it a swindle?"
"No, sir! No, sir! A man who will kick on buying a chunk of the glorious West for less than \$14 \text{ isn't straight, and, Mr.}

for less than \$14 isn't straight, and, Mr. Tompkins, I'd advise you to keep an eye on him going back, and see that he doesn't jump out of the wagon and bilk you out of your dollar!"

He Gets a Head Without Doubt.

From the Washington Post "John," said Mrs. Bibrington, "before I married you people predicted that you would never get ahead in the world."

"And what do you think of their pre-"I only wish they could see how regu-larly you get a head every Saturday night."

Too many people believe that the milk of human kindness needs to be kept on